THE MERRY MONTH.

- It was the merry month,
 And the merry birds sang loud;
 The wren was in the lovy bush,
 The lark was in the cloud.
 In all that day of perfect May
 There seemed no power of III,
 When a hawk came sailing out of the wood,
 And all those songs grew still.
- It was the merry month,
 And the woods were full of glee,
 The lizard on its sunny bank,
 The squirrel upon the tree.
 In all that time of lusty prime
 There seemed no thought of death,
 When a snake came crawling out of a nook,
 And fear held every breath.
- It was the merry month,
 And never was month so fair;
 Lord Lovel is up in his lady's bower
 singing with Lady (lare,
 They sang it once, they sang it twice,
 That song; he seemed true lover;
 When a stinging word, like a blow, was heard—
 Their "merry month" was over.

PIETRO GHISLERI.

EY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of "SameInesca," "The Three Fates," etc. Copyright, 1892, by Macmillan & Co. CHAFTER XXI.

Before attempting to chronicle the events which were the ultimate consequences of those already described, it will be necessary to explain how it was that very little worth recording occurred dur ing nearly three years after the day on which Pietro Ghisleri said goodby to the Contessa dell' Armi, when she was going to make her customary visit to her father.

In the natural course of things every one returned in the following autumn in more or less lively expectation of the season to come. Laura Arden expected nothing of it in the way of amusement, nor did she look forward to anything of the sort in her life as possible for many seasons to

Maddalena dell' Armi, on the other hand, expected much, and was, on the whole, disappointed. Ghisleri had grown indifferent to such a degree as to be almost unrecognizable to his friends. He went out very little, and was said to be busy with some speculation in which he was ruining hims-if, but of which, as a matter of fact, he had never even heard. Adele Savelli went everywhere, thin, nervous and careworn, and apparently driven to death by the necessity for excitement. were people who said she was going mad, and others who said she lived on morphine and that it must ultimately kill her. The division of opinions concerning the nature of her malady still existed, and the wildest stories were sent adrift at a venture down the dangerous rapids of conversation. Donna Adele had quarrelled about Laura with her father, who had disinherited her as far as he was able, and she led a life of daily torment in Casa Savelli in consequence. That was one of the tales. it was stated that Francesco's passion for Laura Arden had suddenly developed to heroic proportions, and that his wife was eating her heart out. Thirdly, there was a party which asserted confidently that Adele herself was in love with Pietro Ghisleri, who did not even take the trouble to go and see her more than once or twice a month. The only point upon which opinion was unanimous was Laura Arden's personal and undivided responsibility for all the evil that happened to Adele Savelli In the first year, so long as Laura never went into the world, the reputation society had given her harmed her very little, and but for the extremely thoughtful kindness of one or two communicative friends she might have remained in ignorance of it altogether. As it was, she was in lifferent, except when she was amused by the still current accusation of possessing the evil eye. That Laura was an undoubted and dangerous

jettatrice was now commonly accepted as a matter Since Ghisleri and Campodonico had fought, the men had been circumspect in their remarks, but there were few who did not make the sign when they saw her go by. If anything had been needed to prove the fact, there was the issue of the duel. The man who had taken Laura's side had nearly lost his life, though he had fought several times previously without ever receiving any serious hurt. That was proof positive. Adele's illness, too, dated almost from the day of her reconciliation with Laura, and seemed likely to end fatally. Then, almost at the same time, the Contessa had broken with Ghisleri in the most heartway, as the world said. For the world knew comething about that, too, and could have told the whole story most exactly as it had never happened, and detailed several conversations accur stely which had never taken place. Poor Ghisleri The world pitied him sincerely, and hated Laura Arden for being the evil eyed cause of all his misfortunes. How could be still go to see her, knowing, as he must, how dangerous it was? Had she not almost killed him and Adele as well as quite killing her husband? People who touched Laura Arden's hand would do well to shut themselves up and lie safe at home for four and twenty hours, until the power of the jettatura was past. Those black eyes of hers meant no good to any one, in spite of her inspirited nunlike looks.

All these things were said, repeated, affirmed, denied, discussed, and said again in the perpetual vicious circle of gossip, while the persons most concerned lived their own lives almost altogether undisturbed by the reports affecting them. No one though she was supposed to have the power of bringing murder, pestilence and sudden death on those who went too near her. Nobody ventured to condole with Adele Savelli upon her husband's flighty conduct, still less upon the supposed loss to her of half the Gerano estate. Nor did any one express to Ghisleri anything like sympathy for been so abominably treated by the Con-Such frankness would have been reprehensible and tactless in the extreme.

Adele Savelli's existence was in reality far mor

wretched than any one could have supposed at that time, and it was destined to be made yet more mis

erable before a second year had clapsed. In the spring of the year following that described in the last chapter, the Contessa dell' Armi surprised Ghisleri with a very startling piece of news. They were talking together in the grand

stand at one of the May races. You know I always tell you everything I hear that seems to be of any importance," she said "We generally know what to believe. last night which is so very odd that there be some truth in it. As it may be nothing but a bit of mischief, I will not name the person who told me. It is said that more than a year ago, when Adele Savelli thought she was dying out at Gerano, she did not wish to confess to the parish priest, whom she had known all her life, and so she wrote out a general confession and sent it to a priest here in Rome. Is that possible, de

Such things have been done," answered Ghis-"I do not knew what the rule is about them,

but the case is possible." "I was not sure. Now they say that this con fession of Adele never reached its destination, and that a copy of it, if not the original, is in cir culation in society, passing quietly from hand to

'A very strange story." Pietro's face was grave for he remembered many circumstances which this tale might explain. "And what is the confession said to contain?" he asked after a pause.

"Some extraordinary revelations about Adele's social career; it is even hinted that there is some thing which might bring very serious consequence upon her if it were known, though what it is n can find out. That is what I heard, and I far as I am concerned, that I shall deny it. looks improbable enough on the face of it. One need not say that its very improbability makes one

think it cannot be all an invention." "No. I think you are wise-and charitable well. If there is any truth in it, Donna Adele will have another illness when it reaches her ears. I suppose people have not failed to say that it was Herbert who had the confession stolen

they will," added Maddalens, with conviction. "Here comes Savelli-take care! Will you put are comes Savelli-take care! Will you put he did what might be said, and what in all likeli-

The story was actually in circulation, if the lost confession was not. Unlike the majority of such tales, however, this one was not openly repeated or commented upon where more than two people were present. It disappeared and reappeared in unexpected places like the river Alphens of old. but its shape was not materially changed. It was told in whispers and under terrible oaths of secrecy, and occasionally-very rarely, indeed-the more word "Confession" spoken in casual conversation made people smile and look at each other. There was not even a scandalous little paragraph in any of the daily papers referring to it. For there are coments when society can keep its secrets, strangehouses of Savelli and Gerano were too important and, in a way, too powerful still to be carelessly Indeed, society very much preferred that neither the one nor the other should be attacked at all, and behaved so carefully in this me instance that it was very long before any one discovered that a few weeks before the rumor had been set affoat that Francesco Savelli had himself summarily dismissed Adele's maid for the really serious ofience of helping her mistress to procure more morphine than the doctor's orders allowed. It vas longer still before any one knew that the maid's name was Lucia, and that she had immediately found a situation with Donna Maria Boccapaduli. What was never known to the public at all was that when Savelli sent her out of the house Lucia had threatened to make certain revelations injuriaus to the family if he persisted, but that Francesco had not paid the slightest attention to the mence, nor even spoken of it to his wife. He was selfish, cold, and very far from admirable as a man, but he had been brought up in good traditions, and had the instincts of a gentleman when his own comfort was not endangered by them. All Ghisleri's suspicions revived at the news

Maddalena gave him. Again he took down the nedical work he had consulted on the evening when the idea that Adele was in some way guilty of Arden's death had first flashed across his mind more than a year previously. Again he read the chapter on scarlet fever carefully from beginning of serious consideration, he grew sceptical, and abandoned the attempt to fathom the mystery, if mystery there were. He knew that even without that, Adele might have written many things to her confessor in confidence which, if repeated openly in the world, would do her terrible harm. He was quite sure that all the infamous slanders on Laura and her husband could ultimately be traced to Adele alone, and it was possible that the stolen document contained a full account of them though how any sane person could be rash enough to trust such a statement to the post was beyond Chisleri's comprehension. He did not know that Adele had hardly been responsible for her actions on that day and on many succeeding ones. had seen, while at Gerano, that she was far from well, but she had been apparently in full posses-sion of her senses. That she should have intrusted to paper the confession that she had wilfully and successfully attempted to make Herbert Arden eatch the scarlet fever in her own house, he could not believe, though he thought it possible that the erime might have actually been committed.

He saw strong reasons for thinking that the confession had either been destroyed, or had never really been shown, but that some third person had known something of its contents and had perhaps betrayed the knowledge in a fit of anger. The Contessa dell' Armi could never tell him anything further than she had communicated at the races, and she, as he knew, was intimate with many who would be acquainted with all the current gossip. Strange to say, the story neither developed nor changed; and, contrary to his expectations and to Maddalena's own, no one ever surgested that Lady Herbert Arden had been instrumental in causing the confession to be stolen. men did not talk about the story at all, or, at least, no one ever hinted at it when Ghisleri was present.

Laura saw him often during that winter, though not so regularly as in the first months which had succeeded her, husband's death. It was evident to Pietro that the Princess was seriously disturbed by his frequent visits to her daughter, and he willingly restricted them rather than give offence to went on. There were strong bonds of friendship by On more than one occasion each had spoken to the like themselves rarely speak to more than one or two persons who come into their lives. Ghislers felt that Laura was taking the place of everything in his existence for which he had formerly cared, and the thought of love for any woman had never been so far from him as during that year and the following summer. He began to take a pleasure in small things that concerned her, which he had rarely found in the great emotions of his former life. Occasionally, when he was in a bad temper ing old, and was only fit to be the guardian of distressed widows and fatherless children. But in spite of such moments, he was sometimes conscious of something not unlike happiness, and he was, or the whole, far more cheerful and less discontented with himself than he had formerly been

"It is the calm before the sterm," he said to Laura one day, with a laugh. "Something apnalling is going to happen to me before long."

"I do not believe it," she answered, confidently You have lived such an existence of excitement for so many years that you cannot understand what peace means now that you have tried it. Of course if you go in search of emotions again you will find them. They grow on every bush, and are as cheap as blackberries."

Laura laughed a little, too, as she made the reply. She thought much of Ghisleri now, and she could hardly realize what her life would be withcould nardly realize what her life would be with-out him. Little Herbert first, then her mother, then Pietro-so the three stood in their respective order when she thought of her rather lonely position in the world. For she was very lonely, even when Arden had been dead eighteen months or more. Her old acquaintances rarely came to see her, and when they did there was a constraint in their manner which told of fear, or dislike, or both. The idle tale of the evil eye which she had so heartily despised once upon a time had done its work. In the following year, when in the natural course of events she would have gone out occa sionally in a very quiet way, she found herself

Even then she old not care so much as might have been expected. But her mother was in despair. She and the Prince constantly had Laura to dine with them, and always asked at the same time two or three friends with whom she had formerly been more or less intimate. But when it became known that "to dine quite informally meant that the person invited was to meet Laura Arden, it became very hard to find evenings when any one chanced to be free to accept an invitation Laura was almost estracized. No one who has not seen the social ruin which such a reputation as hers brings with it could believe how complete it can be. Ghisleri ground his teeth in impotent anger against the stupid and cruel superstition which possessed his fellow-citizens, and which in a year or two would inevitably drive Laura to leave Rome, as it had driven others before then. He could do nothing, for the thing was never men tioned before him, and moreover he would be far more careful now than he had ever been not to be

drawn into a quarrel on Laura's account. For he was well aware that his position toward her was adomalous and might very easily be misunderstood in a society where almost all were prejudiced against her. He supposed that the world expected him to marry her when a little more time had passed, and he knew that nothing was further from his thoughts. It was at this time, just two years after Herbert Arden's death, that he began to torment himself, perhaps with better reason than in former days.

forty francs for me on the next race? Here is the | hood was said about his friendship for Laura, the | for the first time in her mother's recollection of her. advisability of discontinuing his visits almost al-There was no exaggeration in the Contessa's together presented itself for consideration, and would not be sammarily annihilated by any specious argument. It had formerly seemed to him treacherous even to think of loving Arden's wife, though the thought had rarely crossed his mind even as the wildest hypothesis until some time after his friend had been dead and buried. It now seemed as impossible as ever to love her, but he expected. was obliged by the commonest of common sense considerations to admit that such an affection Arden's memory. She was a widow, and any man who knew her had a right to love her and to ask her hand if he so pleased. That right, then, was his also, if ever he should need to avail himself of it. But it was precisely because he did not love Laura Arden that the doubt as to his own conduct arose. As he had no intention of asking her to marry him, could and should he put her in such a position as to favor speculation in regard to her? Unquestionably he should not. But in that care, what was he to do? The old, ignoble, worllly instinct told him to create a diversion by causing gossip in other directions, where scandal would be easily manufactured, and then to procure himself the liberty of doing what he pleased behind the world's back, so to say. But to his credit it must be admitted that he did not entertain the idea for is in the matter of choosing my friends." a moment. It disgusted him and he sought for a solution elsewhere, trying, in his imagination. every conceivable expedient by which he fancied that he might enjoy Laura's society without compromising her in any way. In such cases, however, it is hard to find a stratagem which shall at an honest man's conscience and sense of honor. He had long given up the custom of going to see Laura every other day, and when she was at her mother's house he was rarely invited, on account of the Princess's prejudice against him, and which no good conduct on his part seemed capable of ever spoken of Herbert Arden since her child had destroying. To give up seeing Laura altogether been born. was a sacrifice so great that he did not feel strong in such a case, and once more, after several days he found it to come to any decision. Considering passed without a reference to Pictro's devotion to

elderly lady. As was to be expected, he grad-on his part, experienced an old sensation, the pecame more intimate with Laura as time meaning of which was by no means clear to him

whose acquaintance did not improve a woman's reputation, and the Princess of Gerano had no means of understanding his real character. It was a constant wonder to her that Laura should like whose acquaintance did not improve a woman's reputation, and the Princess of Gerano had no swheen equaintraged did not risprove a woman's reputation, and the Princess of Gerano had not means of understanding his roal characters. It was no constant would retain the thood of poor Jack Carlyon was his kind dike him. The excellent hady never at all realized that the blood of poor Jack Carlyon was his his daughter's veins, and that, sooner or later, it midthe blood of poor Jack Carlyon's chief characteristic had been his recklessness of consequences. If the Princess had recklessness of consequences. If the Princess had recklessness of consequences. If the Princess had remembered that, she would have understood better why Laura had married Herbert Arden in spite of his reputation. But Laura had married Herbert Arden in spite of his deportments, and why she made an intimate friend of Pietro Gibbleri spite of his reputation. But Laura had mere shown any subversive tendences in childhood of early youth, and her feating the princes in the decrease in childhood of early youth, and her feating the principles of the reputation. But Laura had mere shown any subversive tendences in childhood of early youth, and her feating the principles of his proposal principles and the principles of his proposal principles. The principles of the princi

The Princess sighed and turned her face away. She attributed the extraordinary change in her daughter to Ghisleri's bad influence, and her prej-

udice against him increased accordingly, could not see that the girl had developed it, the course of years into a fully grown woman whose character had not turned out to be what she had

And Laura was very angry at the suggestion that she could possibly love Ghisleri-quite unwould not imply the smallest breach of faith to justifiably so, her mother considered. But here, again, the elder woman did the younger an injus-Love was very far from Laura's thoughts just then, though her friendship for Pietro was assuming an importance it had not had before.

She did not speak again for some minutes, and when she did, she spoke quietly and without any show of anger. Her tone was not hard, nor was anything she said either cutting or defiant, but the Princess felt that there was to be no appeal

from the verdict. "Dearest mother," she said, "I never did anything and I never will do anything with the intention of displeasing or larting you. But I have my own life to lead, and my own responsibilities to bear in my own way. There are some things in which I must judge for myself, and one of them

"If you had chosen any one but the wild Ghis-

leri!" sighed the Princess. "A man who knew him better than either you or I can loved him dearly, and when he was dying bade him take care of me. The promise then made has been faithfully kept. I will not shut my once satisfy the exigencies of the situation and door to my husband's old friend, who has become mine, merely because the world is what it is-a

liar, an evil speaker, and a slanderer." Laura was a little pale, and the lids droope: over her eyes as though to hide something sla would not show. It was the first time she had

of satisfaction or of disappointment, but if was a distinct emotion of a kind which he had never expected to feel in her presence.

"I am glad you like me," he said. "I siould be very unknow if it of the transport of the distinct of the properties of the properties."

"It is enough that I have it. I do not know host I have deserved anything half so precious."

"I know more of what you have done for me than you suppose," said Laura. "Never mind that," like facts are simple enough. We are good friends; we depend, for a certain amount of happiness, upon seeing one another often; because the world does not understand, it expects us to sacrifice our inclinations. For my part, I refuse. There will not expend the propositionity. She knew is only one person to be consulted—my mother, who is dearer to me than any friend can be, will speak to her and make her see the trath. In the meantime do nothing, and forget all this absurd complication. It is only the unreal shades of an artificial mornity which has no foundation nor true existence whatever. You know that better than I."

"Hair much more human than you think me," Laura answered. "I told you so once, and you would not believe me."

Laura therefore took the matter into her own hands, and spoke to be mother about it. But the Princess was not casily persuaded, and when the summer came the two were still at variance. A wond hands and spoke to be mother about it. But the Princess was not casily persuaded, and when the summer came the two were still at variance. A wond has allowed a prejudice to take firm root in her mind, and becomes altogether obstinate when that prejudice is tolerably well founded. It was no unquestionable fact that Ghisleri had always been considered a dangerous and thar therefore took the matter into her own hands, and spoke to be mother about it. But the Princess was not casily persuaded, and when the summer came the two were still at variance. A wonder the present that the propo money for it. But no one appeared to demand any-

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been born. If the world had been aware that the matter of gestroying. To give up seeing Latra altosether was a sarrifee so great that he did not feel strong enough to make it not, perhaps, would Latra herself have understood it. Yet, unless he kepf away from her for a long time, he knew that the allwise world would continue to say that he saw her every day. The more he thought about it, the harlest world would continue to say that he saw her every day. The more he thought about it, the harlest her found it to come to any desison. Considering the found it to come to any desison. Considering the found it to come to any desison. Considering the found it to come to any desison. Considering the found it to come to any desison. Considering the found it to come to make the found the should do. He hated to ask advice of any one, and he detested even the appearance of shift ing responsibility upon another. But he could see no other way.

Taurx found it as hard to come to a deterministing responsibility upon another. But he could see no other way.

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Laurx found it as hard to come to a deterministic proper in the found that it is to a see a see

insgine evil where there is none. You and I need no justification of our friendship, and as I cumot see that I at least, an mouch in date to the world, it is not clear to me whr I should ear what it says that I nive to consister us mether.

"And yourself ris spite of what you say," an sam, look at it in that first list I should take any notice of what just limit to the story which people chose to say. They have said such with the story of Alei's white of the already that they can be the story of the story of Alei's white of the story which against that I should take any notice of what just good that the story of Alei's white of the analysing that I should take any notice of what justified the story. If it was perfectly indifferent tyon, I do not say but what I neight prefer to be careful."

"If what were indifferent?" askel Glisler, who do not say but what I neight prefer to be careful."

"If you were quite an indifferent provide the extent of the Savid have the shiely him. But he only in were the speech. She had no reason whatever for concealing the fact that she like blin. But he only in some complete the meaning of which was by no means clear to him. But he only in some time and the same for the same for

you give me your atm?" she askel. I want to sit down somewhere. There

"Thanks. I want to sit down somewhere. There is a sofa over there."
"You still come to these talking matches, I see,"
said Ghisleri as they sat down. "It must be for
the sake of saying something interesting, for it
can certainly not be in the hope of hearing anything of the kind."
"You can still make sharp speeches," laughed
Adele. "I thought my step-sister had converted
you, and that you were turning into a sort of Saint
Propriety."

oriety."
)h, you thought so, " said Pietro, coolly. " Well.

von see you were mistaken. There is no tittle of prepriety about me, as usual, er of saintship either."

He looked at the worn and dilapidated features

either.

He looked at the worn and dilapidated features of the woman beside him, at her hollow cheeks and lustreless eyes, and he almost pried her. He wondered how she had the coarage to keen up the comedy and to face the world as she did, night after night, old before her youth was half over, night when she had been pretty but two years earlier, weary always, and haunted by the shadow of the poison to which she was a slave.

"You need not be anary," she answered. "I did not mean anything disagreeable. I wish you would say more sharp things; it is refreshing to hear a man talk after listening to a pack of little boys."

"Why do you listen to them?"
"They amuse me for five minutes, and when I have tolerated them as long as that I cannot get rid of them. Then I begin to long for a little scrious talk with a man like you—a man one can ask a question of with the hope of getting a reasonable answer."
"You are very good to put it in that way," said Ghisleri. "Have you any particular question to ask me now? I will be as intensely reasonable as I can in my reply, on condition that it is a thing of which I know nothing whatever."
"What an extraordinary restriction!" exclaimed Adele.

Not at all. If I should know anything about

notes, diagrams and a special table of measurements and instructions for using the patent German rack, etc.' Does not that sound wildly interesting? They would have had it on the drawing-room table in every castle. It would have been a splendid book for hawkers. Gerano made me think of it."

Adele laughed in a rather forced way, and her eyes moved uneasily, glancing quickly in one di-

eyes moved uneasily, glancing quickly in one direction and another.

"You would have been a dreadful person in those times, I am quite sure," she said. "You would have been a monster of cruelty."

"Of course I should. So should we all. But we manage those little things so easily now, and so much more tastefully."

"Exactly," said Adele, who saw her chance and an opportunity of turning the conversation at the same time. "I would like your views upon medern social warfare. If you wished to ruin your cnemy, how would you go about it?"

"A man or a woman." asked Ghisleri, calmly, "Oh, both. A man first. It is always harder to injure a man than a woman, is it not?"

"Oh, both. A man first. It is always harder to injure a man than a woman, is it not?"

"So they say. Do you wish to kill the man or to ruin him altogether, or only to injure him in the eyes of the world?"

"Take the three in the other order," suggested Adele. "A mere injury first—and the rest afterward."

"Very well. I have something very neat in the killing line—to use the shopkeeper style. I will keep it to the end. Let me see. You wish to do a man a great injury—enough, say, to make a woman who loves him turn upon him. Is that it?"

"Yes, that would do very well," said Adele, as though she were discussing the fashion of a new freek.

time."

"But it is not always easy to steal a man's morey," objected Adele.

"Ch, yes, unless a man is very rich. Pring a suit against his title, and if he fichts it, the luw-vers will eat up all he has. Then you can play the magnanimous part and say that you give up the suit out of pity for him. That is very pretty, too. But the prettiest of all is the new way of killing people, because nobody can possibly find you out."

What do you make them die of ?" asked A lele,

"What do you make them die of ?" asked Alele, nervously.

"Cholera—typhus—fever, almost anything you clease. It is a convenient way because the epidemic of the day is generally the most ready to land. What did you say? I becayour nardon. I thought you speke. Yes, it is delightful, and in most cases I believe it is almost sure to succeed. I dined with Gounehe last night, and Professor Wusterschinder, the great Gorman authority on cutting up live rabbits, you know, was there. A charming man—speaks French like a human being, and understands Italian well. I liked him very much. The conversation turned upon murder. You know Gouache has a teste for harrors, being the gentlest and kindest of men. The professor told a long story of a doctor who murdered the father, mother and sunt of a girl whom none of the three would let him marry. He did it in the course of medical treatment with three different vegetable poisons—masterly, the professor said. There was an inquiry and they dug everybody up again, and all that sort of thing, but no one could resitively prove anything and the Goetor married the cirl after all."

"You seem full of horrors this evening." said Adele, moving one shoulder in a restless, jerking way which was becoming a habit.

"I always am," answered Ghisleri, turning his cold blue eyes on her. "I know the most horrible thing; and am always just on the point of saying them."

"Please do not!" exclaimed Adele, shrinking a regime of the sofa, almost

thing: and am always just on the point of saying them."

"Please do not!" exclaimed Adele, shrinking away from him into the corner of the sofa, almost in obysical fear of him now.

"I was felling you about the cholera trick, or I was going to tell you. The other story was only the prelude. After giving it to us with a number of details I have forgotten. Professor Wusterschinder launched out about the wonders of science, as those men always do, and positively made me uncomfortable with the numbers of unfortunate rabbits and puppies he cut to shreds in his conversation. Then he came to the point and began to explain how easy it is to murder people by natural means like typhus. It is done by taking the good Heavens, Douna Adele, what is the matter?"

Adele had uttered a short, low cry, and her face bad turned very white. Her lips were contorted in an expression of anguish such as Pietro bad never seen, and her fingers were twisting together as though they would break.

"Can I do anything?" he asked, anxiously. He feared she was going to be seized by some kind of convulsion, but the woman's strong will helped her even then.

feared she was going to be seized by some kind of convulsion, but the woman's strong will helped her even then.

"Hold my fan before my arm," she managed to say, and she felt for something in her pocket with her right hand.

In a moment she produced a tiny syringe with a point like a needle, and a little bottle. With infredible quickness and skill she filled the syringe, pricked the skin on her left arm, and ran the point into it, and then pressed the tiny oiston slowly till it would go no further. In little more than one minute she had put everything into her nocket again, and taking her fan from Ghisleri's hand, leaned back in the corner of the sofa, with a sigh of relief.

"Not at all," she answered. "I had forgotten to take my morphine before coming—that was all. I suffer terribly with pains in my head when I do

not take it."
"And is the pain gone already?" asked Ghislert.
"And is the pain gone already?" how she would

"And is the pain gone already as well in some surprise, and wondering how she would answer.

"Oh, no!, But it will be gone very soon I am onieter when I know I have taken the morphine. Of course," she said, with a forced laugh, "you must not suppose that I take it often, not even every day. I believe it is very had in large quantities," "Of course," Ghisleri could hardly help smiling at the poor attempt to disdain any slavery to the fatal drug, contradicting, as it did, what she had said but a moment before.

For the third time since Arden's death the conviction came upon him that Adele had been the responsible cause of it, and this time it was destined to be permanent. The theory of coincidence was exhausted and he abandoned it. The stories he had teld her about Professor Wusterschinder, the great German authority, were quite true, and Ghisler's eyes had been opened on the previous evening to the possibilities of evil disclosed by modern science. He was not yet sure of what Adele had done, but he was convinced that the general nature of the process had described, and that she must, the professor had described, and that she must, in all probability, have got the necessary information from a scientific book or article on the submation from a scientific book or article on the submation from a scientific book or article on the sub-